Prince Well, here is my leg.

Falſ: And here is my ſpeech, ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Falſ: Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how how he holds his countenance?

Falſ: For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene,
For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hoſt. O Ieſu, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players, as euer I ſee.

Falſ. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.
Harry, I do not only maruell, where thou ſpendeſt thy time: but alſo, how thou art accompanied. For, though the cammomil the more it is troden on, the faſter it growes: yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villainous tricke of thine eie, and a fooliſh hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to mee, heere lieth the point: why, being ſonne to me, arte thou ſo pointed at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen prooue a micher, and eate blacke-berries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch (as antient writers doe reporte) dooth defile: ſo dooth the company thou keepeſt: for *Harry*, now I do not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince What maner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Falſ. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull look, a pleaſing eie, and a moſt noble carriage, and as I think, his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to three ſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtalfe*: if that man ſhould be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes: if then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree; then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtalfe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tel me now, thou naughtie varlet, tell me, where haſt thou bin this month?

Prince